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THE WEALTHIER THEY: THEIR
NEED IS HERE THE MORE



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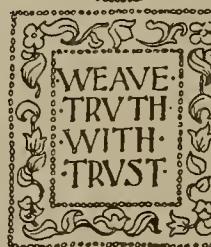
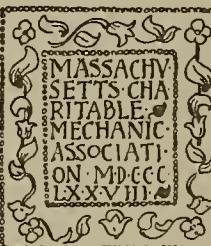
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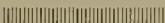


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Newest Creations of the Season.

Careful attention given to Order Work.

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Leading Styles and Colorings,
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Jouvin & Cie Celebrated Paris Gloves a Specialty.

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**CHINA,
GLASS
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*Are shown on our counters as soon as in Paris, London or Berlin Market.
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LAMPS ?

Yes, lots of them.

**Big lamps to stand on the
floor.**

**Medium sized lamps to put
on tables.**

**Little lamps to go and sit in
a corner with when you
don't feel sociable.**

All these and many more.

**Buy one if you want to make
your room attractive.**

**Never before was there such
variety of design or such beauty
of execution.**

**Never were the shades so
artistic.**

**Never were the prices so low.
Come and see.**

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... THE LATEST STYLES AT
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CLASSES FOR GRADUATION
DRESSES TO ORDER.

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. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE VERY LATEST PARIS AND LONDON
NOVELTIES, AND ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEND SAMPLES. IT WILL BE WORTH
WHILE FOR YOU TO REMEMBER THIS AFTER YOU ARE AT HOME.

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HOTEL

... AND ...

PARKER
HOUSE

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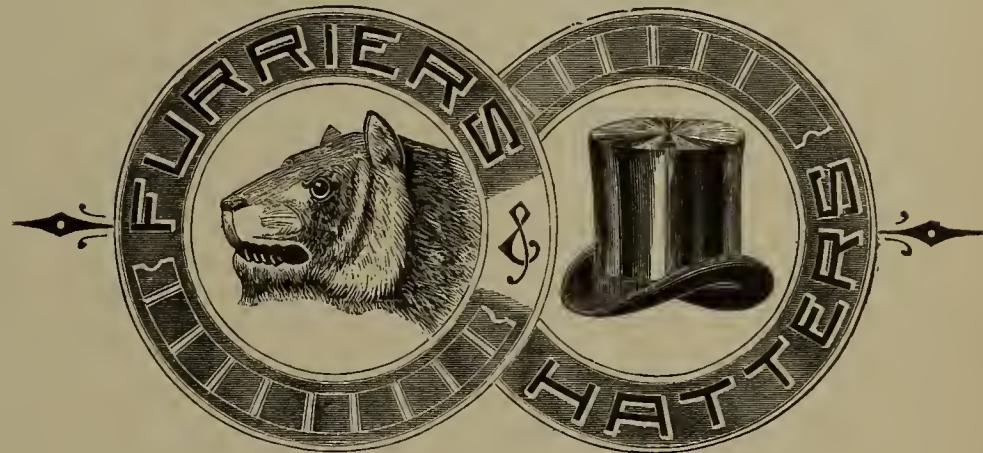
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AT REDUCED PRICES.



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We do not offer high grade goods at the price of low grade, nor does any other house, but we do offer them at the lowest possible prices, quality considered.

After a pleasant ride on the electric cars, any conductor will gladly show you where we are.

Central Dry Goods Co.
107, 109, 113 Moody Street, Waltham.



1893.

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VOLUME III



AUBURNDALE, MASSACHUSETTS
1893

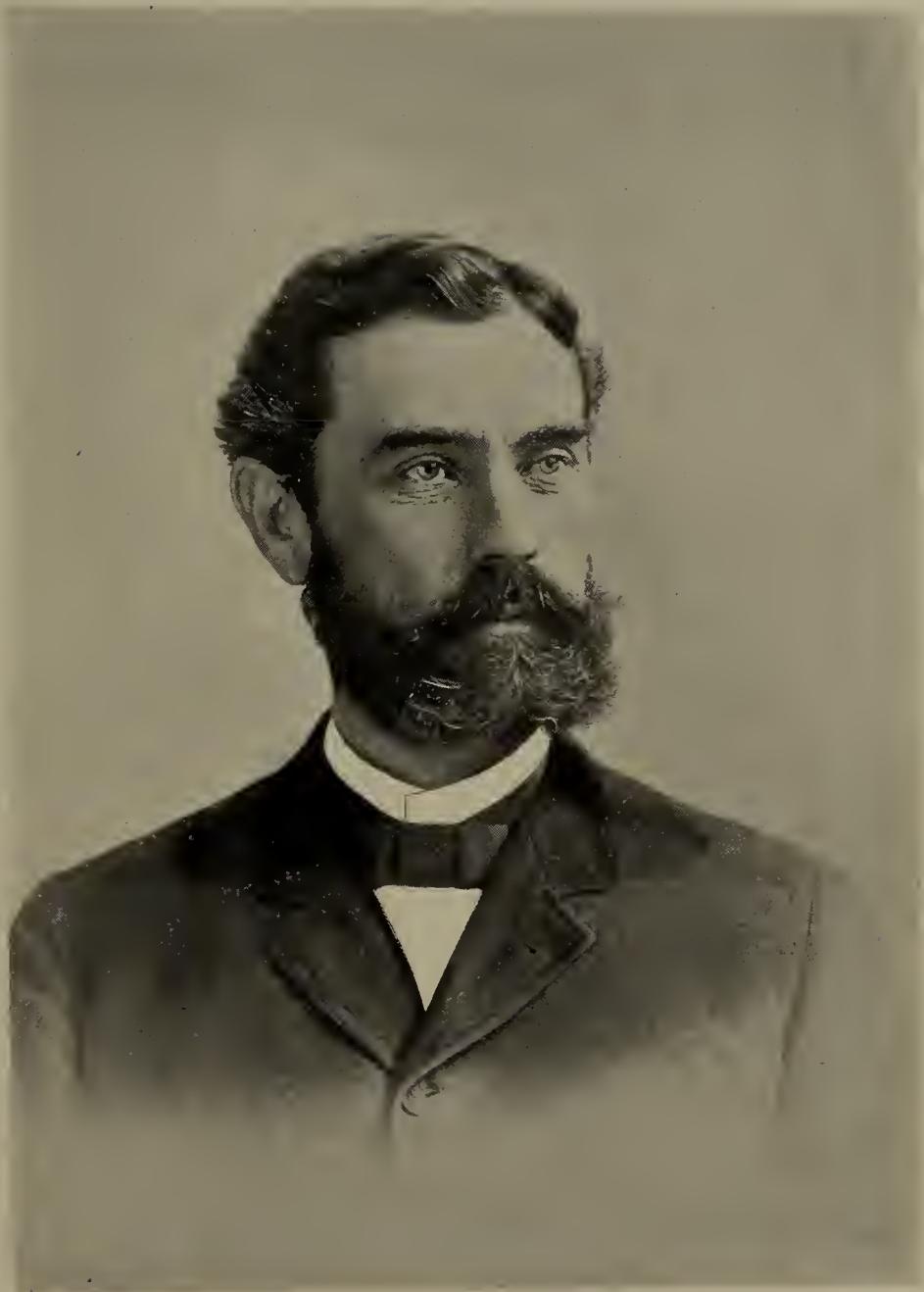
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EDWARD LASELL,

Professor of Chemistry, Williams College.

FOUNDER OF LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS.



CHARLES C. BRAGDON,

Present Principal.

DEDICATION.

ONCE upon a Monday dreary, while I
pondered, weak and weary,
O'er the soon to be forthcoming vol-
ume of the Allerlei,
While I groaned (I was not napping, I assure
you) came a tapping,
As of some belated maiden, rapping at my
chamber door;
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my
chamber door;
Only this and nothing more."

Up I raised my head and grumbled, " Oh, come
in" (" Stay out," I mumbled
' Twixt my teeth). Headlong there stumbled in
through my half-open door,
In her *robe de nuit* enfolded, careless how she
would be scolded,
All unlike the fair and stately maiden of the
days of yore,
One who shall in these fair pages
Nameless be for evermore;

Perched upon my desk before me: " I've a new
thought." Then I tore me
From my labors. " Speak out quickly! Tell, oh,
tell me, I implore,
Is he found for whom we're searching, thou who
on my desk art perching?
Tell me what his lordly name is who most
worthy of this fame is,
Worthy of the dedication of this learned, mystic
lore, —
Tell me this if nothing more."

Then this maiden, smiling sweetly, slipped from
off the desk most feately,
Placed within my hand a picture of a tall and
handsome scion
Of the house that evermore
All the great round world shall cherish, while
America shall flourish,
And the strains of " Hail Columbia" echo on
Time's stormy shore, —

The DUKE OF VERAGUA OF CRISTOVAL DE LARREATEGUI Y DE LA CERDA,
lineal descendant of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

To this honored guest of our dear country, in the year of grace
eighteen hundred and ninety-three, in which America's discovery
is celebrated by the great Columbian Exposition at Chicago, we
dedicate

OUR ALLERLEI.

Ninety-four



C.W. Reed.





Louie J. Proctor — MANAGING EDITOR

Hollie Taylor

Bess C. Shepherd

ASSISTANT

Kay College

Mildred L. Warren

EDITORS.

L. Frank Case — BUSINESS MANAGER

P R E F A C E.

IT is done. The satisfaction of a work performed is ours. We have made no promises, and so, to our intense satisfaction, we have none to fulfil, but present this, the youngest of the noble Allerlei family, to the public, bespeaking for it their most inaudible grumblings (if any) and their hearty welcome.

We wish to be strictly impartial, and in order to be so our arrow flights must either be aimed indiscriminately at the foibles of each and all, or our praise plasters applied with the same gentle judgment. At such a time one longs to read, in advance, a page or two out of *Futurity's* book. Could we only foresee the reception to be accorded to this offspring of our teeming brains, with what different feelings would we send it forth!

When you shall have read through our darling book from preface to finis in the quiet retirement of your own snuggery, what disposition toward the class of '94, we wonder, will it have engendered in your aforetime peaceful breast. Will you meet us as the traditional wife always meets the traditional husband, "with a sweet smile and words of welcome," or like the spoiled beauty of the story book, "with proud look and averted eye will you coldly pass us by?"

Let us in advance suggest the former rather than the latter demonstration. This, if we know you as we think we do, will doubtless be the case; or if there be a quarrel, may it be only a lover's quarrel for the bliss of "making up."

It has been the aim of the editors to make this volume of the Allerlei interesting to the public, creditable to ourselves, and to Lasell. How well we have succeeded we leave you to judge. We solicit criticism on any point in which your judgment tells you we have failed. It will be kindly received, jotted down, and handed over to the class of '95, so that by timely warning they may avoid the pitfalls into which we have stumbled; for, of course, they will expect to produce the "finest Allerlei" ever published.

We bequeath to them the wise words: Noble Endeavor, Self-sacrifice, Aspiration, Concentration, E Pluribus Unum, Excelsior!

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MARY L. NUTT,

Nurse.

ELLEN T. LONGFELLOW,

History of Art.

ANNIE B. WINSLOW,

Swimming.

ANNA BARROWS,

Cooking. Demonstrations.

MARY P. WITHERBEE,

Librarian.

CLASSES

“Tiny firstlings of a season not yet due.”



FRESHMAN CLASS.

MOTTO: "Deeds, not words."

CLASS COLORS: Heliotrope and white.

CLASS FLOWER: Heliotrope.

LOUISE P. HUBBARD *President.*

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Isabel E. Bronson	Ottawa, Ont.	
Josephine B. Chandler	Malden, Mass.	8
Ellen A. Chase	Walnut Hill, Mass.	70
Mamie Cruikshank	Hannibal, Mo.	33
Jane E. Fitch	Mooers, N.Y.	54
Harriette P. Fitch	Mooers, N.Y.	54
Mary P. Hanson	Chicago, Ill.	53
Lestra M. Hibberd	Richmond, Ind.	39
Louise P. Hubbard	Wheeling, W. Va.	27
Alice M. Lyman	Rochester, N.Y.	
Elizabeth McEchron	Glens Falls, N.Y.	14
Florence A. Ray	Ottawa, Ont.	29
Cara A. Sawin	Troy, N.Y.	51
Beulah Shannon	Medford, Mass.	8
Meldon Smith	Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Annex I
Grace Snyder	Washington, D.C.	14
Mary R. Wiggin	Malden, Mass.	52

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY.

FROM time immemorial, Freshmen have been considered the freshest of the fresh, and the greenest of the green. They have been hazed, fagged, required to perform uncongenial offices — receiving in return unmerited scorn and contempt. This spirit has sometimes prevailed in women's colleges to a certain extent, but it does not exist at Lasell. Here true merit is recognized by the upper classes. Since it requires *some* talent to discern and appreciate genius, they thereby show superior ability in their approbation of the Freshman class. Although "we say it as shouldn't say it," it *is* an unusual class. Such fertility of resources! Such power of acquisition! Such wealth of invention! Without *one* exception, they all possess striking talents. Here is found a second Patti, a veritable Titian, a Paderewski, and a Camilla Urso! There are many others just as worthy of mention, but we know that before long they will gain proper recognition, and that upon mention of their names it will be said with pride and pleasure, "Oh, yes, I remember — members of that unusual class of '96 at Lasell!"

Of course we have had now and then a rugged path in the joyous year just closing. For example, one of our number, who is a fine horsewoman, went riding one fine day with two "grave and reverend Seniors;" whether it was the exhilaration of the hour, the inflation of pride, or the limitation or congestion of the street, she certainly did smash into a carriage whose wheel then and there came off. The irate lady of the aforesaid carriage did then, after some excitement, capture the fair equestrienne, who bravely footed the bill, and returned to Lasell a sadder, yet a wiser, maiden.

Have we ever been sent to Study Hall? Have *we* ever been sent from chapel? Not we, indeed. Not long since a most delightful reception was given by the Freshmen and Sophomores. It was remarked by disinterested observers that it was the finest affair of the kind ever known here. Modesty forbids us to tell to whom its success was due, but we may remark in passing that the Sophomores were here last year, but where were *we*? When we hear it said everywhere that we are a wonderful class, we may be pardoned a little self-gratulation, but we try to repress everything like vanity and self-consciousness. Yet we cannot but be aware that we have laid a firm structure for building characters worthy of Lasell.

Our class flower is the modest, sweet, attractive heliotrope. One always recognizes its proximity; though unseen it is pervasive. Heliotrope thus symbolizes our influence as a class. All through the ages, this flower has had a tender significance. It fulfils the greatest of all commands, which is — AMO TE.

“Heyday, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !”



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

MOTTO: "*Palma non sine labore est.*"

CLASS COLORS: Black and orange. CLASS FLOWER: Ox-eye daisy.

CAROLINE LADD STEEL *President.*

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Grace L. Allen	Omaha, Neb.	44
Alice Andreesen	Omaha, Neb.	65
Sara A. Bond	Cliftondale, Mass.	6
K. Belle Bragdon	Auburndale, Mass.	
Georgie B. Davis	Chicago, Ill.	30
Bertha A. Lillibridge	Minneapolis, Minn.	22
Edith E. Libby	Portland, Maine	45
Marie McDonald	St. Joseph, Mo.	25
Madeline M. Meegan	Salt Lake City, Utah	19
Julia Murphy	Portsmouth, Ohio	Annex I
Mabel C. Taylor	Omaha, Neb.	9
Minnie Warner	Willimantic, Conn.	20
Louise C. Whitney	Bay City, Mich.	40

SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

THE Annual of '93 would indeed be deficient, if the Sophomores did not relate their wondrous deeds. Those around us may think that we are just an ordinary class; but appearances are deceiving, for any one visiting our recitation-room would be readily convinced that "Still waters run deep."

Now that we have passed through the portal of the Freshman year, we are at that stage of knowledge where the reminiscences of the past aid us in our daily work. We often imagine the privileges and joys of the Junior and Senior years, and console ourselves by thinking that our time is not far off.

Our ability is displayed in various ways. Of course we have no intention of boasting, but one would be astonished to hear with what freedom our Sophomores use the elegant Parisian accent when conversing with their native French teacher; and then the ease with which German verse is memorized and repeated shows our devotion to modern languages, and our genius in a linguistic way. This aptitude we evince is due to a great extent to our natural taste for music, as a musical ear is of untold value in conquering the difficulties of pronunciation.

We can well afford to be proud of our elocutionists and musicians, who, now on the path of progress, will without a doubt become famous, and be the prima donnas of the coming century.

We are not lacking in science, for have not some of our members produced wonderful effects in the physical laboratory?

However, our talent is especially noticeable in trigonometry, as some seldom have to prepare the lesson, but depend on inspiration when called upon to recite; nevertheless, this year will finish our course in mathematics, and our amount of knowledge in that branch will be found in the unknown quantity.

And so we could go on enumerating the different accomplishments of our class, but we do not wish to appear egotistical, therefore will forbear.

We are ever on the alert for a jolly time, always seeing the ludicrous in everything, often to the annoyance of our teachers, who sometimes fail to see the point.

Our ages vary from sweet sixteen to sedate twenty; our heights from five feet to five feet six inches; our weights from ninety to one hundred and forty. But comparisons grow monotonous, hence no statement of our mental capacity will be here mentioned.

Our way has often been paved with trials and temptations, and the dark shadow of discouragement has frequently blinded our future; but in the distance a bright star of hope beams forth, and we begin again with renewed vigor.

The mount of success is not easily climbed, but each day finds us one step nearer the top. Our sentiments are best expressed by the poet's words:

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

“ Calm, serious, fit to stand the gaze of millions.”



JUNIOR CLASS.

MOTTO: *Non nobis solum sed omnibus.*

CLASS COLOR: White and gold.

CLASS FLOWER: Daisy.

HONORARY MEMBER.

My dear Miss Anderson,
I feel honored by the
request you send me in behalf
of your fellow-students for
my autograph. I only wish
it could carry with it a benediction
which would outline the characters
in which it is written, but you
may be sure that all my best
wishes go with it.

Very truly yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, May 16th 1893.

HELEN BOULLT MEDSKER	<i>President.</i>
JULIA W. ANDERSON	<i>Secretary.</i>
REBECCA C. SHEPHERD	<i>Treasurer.</i>

JUNIOR CLASS MEMBERS.

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Julia W. Anderson	Taylorsville, Ill.	65
L. Mabel Case	South Manchester, Conn.	4
Carolyn E. Gilman	Marshalltown, Ia.	66
Annie R. Hanna	Jackson, Mich.	Annex II
Julia E. Hogg	Fort Worth, Texas	22
Carrie B. Johnson	Brewster, N.Y.	39
Carrie T. Manning	Orange, Mass.	Annex I
Helen B. Medsker	Kansas City, Mo.	25
Alice Noble	Tiffin, Ohio	60
Lotta J. Proctor	Waterville, Maine	Annex II
Jennie M. Rich	Bethel, Maine	Annex II
Grace Robb	Toledo, Ohio	63
Harriett G. Scott	Wyoming, Ill.	28
Rebecca C. Shepherd	Auburndale, Mass.	
Gertrude Sherman	Wollaston Heights, Mass.	
Greta Stearns	Wyoming, Ohio	Annex I
Mollie St. John Taylor	Toledo, Ohio	4
May Tulleys	Council Bluffs, Ia.	62
Mildred C. Warren	New Boston, N.H.	63
Nora Westheimer	St. Joseph, Mo.	Annex II
Virginia Wyckoff	Hightstown, N.J.	6

JUNIOR HISTORY.



NE autumn day, with tears and much distress,
Five little maids here made their weary way:
Millie and Helen, Carrie, Julia, and Bess
Came to Lasell on that past autumn day,
To be reformed in learning and in dress,
And to explore what joys in knowledge lay.

So one by one we gathered here to share
The joys and sorrows of dear "Ninety-four;"
Learned 'neath the faculty's protecting care
The things we never knew in days of yore;
Of how we in the Gym should do and dare;
Of science and of history's weary lore.

Oh, never were their eyes bedimmed with tears,
Our brilliant class, endued with knowledge all;
For they were ne'er oppressed with dreadful fears
That such calamity would them befall,
Nor ignominy touch their tender years,
By ever being sent to Study Hall.

For when they bearded the lion in his den,
As oft they must on wisdom's weary road,
To tell what they of chemistry do ken,
One maiden bright explained the very mode
Of how a mouse shut up in oxygen,
If left there long, would certainly explode.

In future years we will be for our nation,
If our present brilliancy is any sign,
The brightest star in science constellation
Which o'er the world will ever brightly shine,
Studied by the future generation,
Shedding radiance over subjects deep and fine.

And thus in mademoiselle's class — so 'tis said —
They in the French Club wished to have a play.
“Where are the Gentlemen?” the title read,
But after while the teacher grave did say,
“The ladies too? The ladies! Where are they?”
Alas! Alas! The ladies too had fled!

No more of our achievements will we tell;
'Twould volumes fill should we relate them all.
Enough to say, *in all things* we excel;
So let our deeds and conquests, great and small,
Bear witness for themselves at old Lasell,
And let them us to future greatness call.

But now the year is drawing to an end;
Wisdom's ladder we've ascended round by round:
But one step more remains yet to ascend
Ere our efforts with great triumph shall be crowned,
And the sorrows which our Freshman hearts did rend
'Mongst next year's Seniors will no more be found.

“A march of intellect (?)”



SENIOR CLASS.

MOTTO: Not finished, but begun.

CLASS COLOR: Blood-red and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose.

HONORARY MEMBER.

CAROLINE A. CARPENTER.

FLORA M. GARDNER	<i>President.</i>
NELLE G. DAVIS	<i>Secretary.</i>
IDA O. SHORT	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Jennie M. Arnold	Peabody, Mass.	38
Eva L. Couch	Round Pond, Me.	
Nelle G. Davis	Chicago, Ill.	30
Clara L. Eads	Paris, Ill.	26
Elizabeth Ewing	Atchison, Kan.	24
Flora M. Gardner	Chicago, Ill.	31
Jessie M. Gaskill	Woonsocket, R.I.	5
Harriet Noble	Tiffin, Ohio	60
Bessie M. Pennell	Atchison, Kan.	43
Nellie M. Richards	Newton Centre, Mass.	27
Esther Scouller	North East, Penn.	7
Ida O. Short	North East, Penn.	7
Effie E. Symns	Atchison, Kan.	24

SENIOR HISTORY.

THE history of the Senior class *must* be written. We *must* write a history, although most of it is, as our motto indicates, not finished, but begun. It is recorded only on the pages of the future, and will be given to the world only when Lachesis, the controlling fate of our destinies, as she draws out the many-hued thread of our lives, shall reveal the mighty honors she holds in store for the class of ninety-three. Lasell shall then be proud of us, and she will exclaim, with all the triumph that only her sex is capable of, "I told you so! I always *knew* that class would distinguish itself." For of course we all intend to become famous.

First, we mention Betty,— When that wild and woolly State from whence she came has extended still more its recognition of the rights and privileges of our sex, then Betty will be our sole representative in Congress, and will carry through that august assemblage a law, firm as that of the Medes and the Persians, to the effect that all instructors in Black Art of Chemistry shall be put to a most ignominious death. Thus will she avenge her suffering sisters who, in an evil hour, chose science as one of their electives.

Nell, too, will devote herself to the well-being of her kind, and, following in the footsteps of Madame Jeness Miller, she will advocate the dress reform, sans corsets, sans demis; and we shall once again be reminded of Lasell, where she received her first inspiration for this noble work.

Flo would win her way to fame by means of the brush and palette, and upon her will rest the honor of redeeming our sex from the artistic oblivion into which we have fallen. Eva, an earnest disciple of Æsculapius, will strive to send her share of souls as passengers to Charon, the burly boatman of the Styx. For this distinguished pillster we feel that we are much indebted to the wise precepts of Dr. Latham, and to those daily instilled by Miss Nutt. Clara, our second youngest, we hope will increase in grace and wisdom as she grows in stature, and she will shine as the wife of some famous follower of Blackstone, who will wear the sombre robes of a Supreme Judge.

Then there is Besse, our youngest, our pride and joy. Besse, our baby Besse, who even now, in her infancy, has devoted her tender years to the Muses. When at last she arrives at years of discretion, she shall shine forth as the poetess of the nineteenth century, on whose brow we shall place America's laurel crown of honor.

And thus it will be with all our number. Each shall be the bright particular star of her own constellation. But these things the grim future is waiting to proclaim. My province is to tell you concerning our history of the past five years, during which we have mounted step by step, until we arrived at the unattainable heights of bliss where we now stand, and survey the less fortunate world as it struggles madly for the place which shall soon know us no more.

To begin with we came, later we saw and conquered ; but first, O unhappy Preparatories ! like you, we came. With great, envious eyes we beheld the staid and dignified first row, and thought *how much* they must know. You in your innocence are not deceived, my little sisters. We do know much. Our knowledge is unfathomable. Once we studied the same *amo, amas, amat*, that now perplexes your weary brains ; but now, ah, now ! we delight in the odes of Horace. We roam at will over icy glaciers in geology. Our remarks are all strictly logical, and, like the wise men of old, we study the heavens and are learned in celestial affairs. And do we not triumph in less aesthetic things?

Can we not carve even the most ancient and obdurate of turkeys in such a manner as to cause even Mr. Rich himself to turn green with envy? And one of us, for this graceful art of carving, received the olive crown with which the ancients used to crown their victorious athletes. Then did not two more of our number proudly bear away the prizes for the two best loaves of bread?

As possessors of such trophies, who can doubt the grace and dignity with which we shall preside in our future homes? If you require more proof, behold the programme of the Glee Club, mute symbol of our last victory over the faculty ; and if, still unconvinced, you demand yet another, we bring forth our crowning work, our Allerlei. There may be others in the future as good, but we doubt it. Now, it stands alone, the flower of Lasell literature. At last you must stand silent. You no longer dare to doubt.

All this have we accomplished, and yet have we never lost the beautiful simplicity of manners that distinguished our Freshman days. This, together with our extremely youthful appearance, led one of the new teachers to mistake us for the Preparatories, until we astonished her by the brilliancy of our intellects.

Part of our success is no doubt due to our guardian angel, who hovers above us with protecting wings. But *much* is to be attributed to our own natural ability. Lasell, our dear old Alma Mater, has done much for us, but Nature has done more ; and while we would render honor where honor is due, we cannot help but feel that *such* a class, like a poet, is born, not made.

Now that we are so soon to leave you, a tender feeling fills our hearts, even toward our greatest foe, the faculty, and we sadly say farewell. We know that in life's great school-room our lessons are indeed "not finished, but begun." Our little class will never more gather for recitations, except in that vast school-room, after once we have left these portals. Nevertheless, we would not say good-by, but, with the Germans, "Auf Wiedersehen," the sweet old word of hope ; for

"Only for a season our partings are;
Nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again."

IRREGULARS.

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Ethel N. Anderson	Orange, N.J.	
Lottie F. Appel	Denver, Col.	38
Mabelle A. Barnard	Hartford, Conn.	56
Elizabeth C. Bennett	Albany, N.Y.	47
Helen W. Boss	San Francisco, Cal.	9
Eugenie E. Burbank	Whitinsville, Mass.	
Mae A. Burr	Lincoln, Neb.	35
Bertha E. Butterfield	Waterville, Me.	Annex II
Stella B. Cady	North Adams, Mass.	17
Helen M. Camp	West Winsted, Conn.	
Frances L. Casebolt	Belleville, N.J.	23
Mary L. Chapin	Auburndale, Mass.	
Anna C. Christie	Marash, Turkey	
Helen W. Cleaveland	Denver, Col.	44
Grace Clifford	New York, N.Y.	
Laura R. Comstock	Ivoryton, Conn.	64
Bessie L. Comstock	Ivoryton, Conn.	64
Winifred T. Conlin	New York, N.Y.	10
Helen W. Cooke	Cincinnati, Ohio	Annex II
Anna E. Crocker	Sheboygan, Wis.	36
Mabel L. Crocker	Sheboygan, Wis.	48
Annie F. Cushing	Foxcroft, Me.	Annex II
Maud Day	Akron, Ohio	41
Bertha De Bruler	Evansville, Ind.	
Florence E. Dow	Chicago, Ill.	Annex II
Grace E. Dwinal	Mechanic's Falls, Me.	Annex II

IRREGULARS.— *Continued.*

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Daisy G. Earle	Newton, Mass.	
Fanny V. Fairchild	Marinette, Wis.	52
Marion B. Fessenden	Townsend, Mass.	20
Elizabeth W. Fleming	Shelbyville, Ind.	70
Blanche Fowler	Chicago, Ill.	13
Hattie L. Freebey	Los Angeles, Cal.	Annex I
Josephine Furniss	Auburndale, Mass.	
Myra N. Gage	Roxbury, Mass.	70
Edith S. Hall	Chelsea, Mass.	Annex II
Dasie A. Hartson	Napa, Cal.	Annex II
Sara E. Hayden	Hartford, Conn.	Annex II
Mary M. Healey	Brooklyn, N.Y.	1
Helen A. Holden	Albany, N.Y.	47
Frances D. Holmes	Norristown, Pa.	58
Florence M. Holmes	Nashua, N.H.	Annex II
Grace S. Holmes	Willimantic, Conn.	48
Olive Holmes	Oscoda, Mich.	Annex II
Abby S. Hooper	Keen's Mills, Me.	
Beulah Hough	Jackson, Mich.	18
Alice J. Houghton	North Adams, Mass.	17
Blanche C. Howard	Boston, Mass.	55
June M. Hoyt	Olympia, Wash.	10
Minnie I. Hyde	Newtonville, Mass.	
Flora V. Joannes	Green Bay, Wis.	Annex II
Bessie D. Johnson	Pittsburg, Penn.	Annex I
Grace A. Johnson	Springfield, Mass.	5
Anna P. Kellogg	Chicago, Ill.	45
Ura L. Kelley	Omaha, Neb.	
Minnie P. Kiesel	Ogden, Utah	Annex II
Sallie C. King	Chicago, Ill.	
Ursula King	Little Falls, N.Y.	Annex II
Mary D. Lathrop	Stafford Springs, Conn.	67

IRREGULARS. — *Continued.*

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Bessie S. Latimer	Auburndale, Mass.	
Margaret H. Laughlin	Evansville, Ind.	
Harriet Lewis	Urbana, Ohio	32
Grace E. Loud	Everett, Mass.	37
Mabel M. Lutes	St. Louis, Mo.	13
Anna S. McDuffee	Bradford, Vt.	Annex II
Marie R. Meigs	Painesville, Ohio	11
Bertha Merryman	Marinette, Wis.	Annex II
Mary M. Miller	Bay City, Mich.	40
Anna W. Miller	Plainfield, N.J.	49
Mabel A. Morgan	Springfield, Mass.	11
Helen B. Morris	Boston, Mass.	
Isabella Morrow	Locust Valley, L.I.	62
Edith D. Partridge	Boston, Mass.	Annex I
Ella G. Peale	Chicago, Ill.	76
Emma W. Peale	Chicago, Ill.	76
Emma E. Porter	Newton Centre	
Mary M. Ranney	Adams, N.Y.	57
Ava F. Rawleigh	Chicago, Ill.	31
Ednah F. Ray	Peabody, Mass.	23
Lucy T. Richmond	Hoosick Falls, N.Y.	49
Clara A. Roesing	Chicago, Ill.	56
Bessie T. Roper	Hopedale, Mass.	Annex II
Ruth V. Sankey	Salem, Mo.	Annex II
L. Mabel Sawyer	Auburndale, Mass.	
Mary Seaman	Sheboygan, Wis.	36
Ruth Seiberling	Akron, Ohio	41
Clara B. Simpson	Scranton, Pa.	19
Laura F. Smith	Troy, N.Y.	
Meldon Smith	Kansas City, Mo.	Annex I
Helen J. Steel	Portland, Oregon	50
Elizabeth Stephenson	Marinette, Wis.	29

IRREGULARS.—*Concluded.*

Names.	Residences.	Rooms.
Margaret Stewart	Columbus, Ohio	Annex I
Martha B. Stone	Omaha, Neb.	26
Grace Sutherland	Ashland, Wis.	37
Mabel Tomlinson	Fort Worth, Tex.	15
Louise G. Tucker	Waterville, Me.	Annex II
Lillie S. Tukey	Omaha, Neb.	35
Helen T. Turner	Auburndale, Mass.	
Mary L. Van Patten	Burlington, Vt.	28
Emma E. Walker	Willimantic, Conn.	
Anna Walston	Decatur, Ill.	58
Eliza H. Warren	Fall River, R.I.	
Jamie L. Watson	Columbus, Ohio	Annex I
Annie L. Webb	Jackson, Mich.	18
Josie H. West	Provincetown, Mass.	43
Emma L. White	Wethersfield, Conn.	74
Bertha M. Wilson	Norwalk, Conn.	56
Elizabeth Winslow	Jamestown, N.D.	51
Louise Zschetzsche	Sheboygan, Wis.	53

In Memoriam.

LIZZIE SHINN,

Died October 13, 1892.

ESTELLA S. GOULD,

Died October 21, 1892.

GERTRUDE LITTLEFIELD,

Died January 9, 1893.

MARGARET DALEY BRODRICK,

Died February 1, 1893.



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COMPANY C.

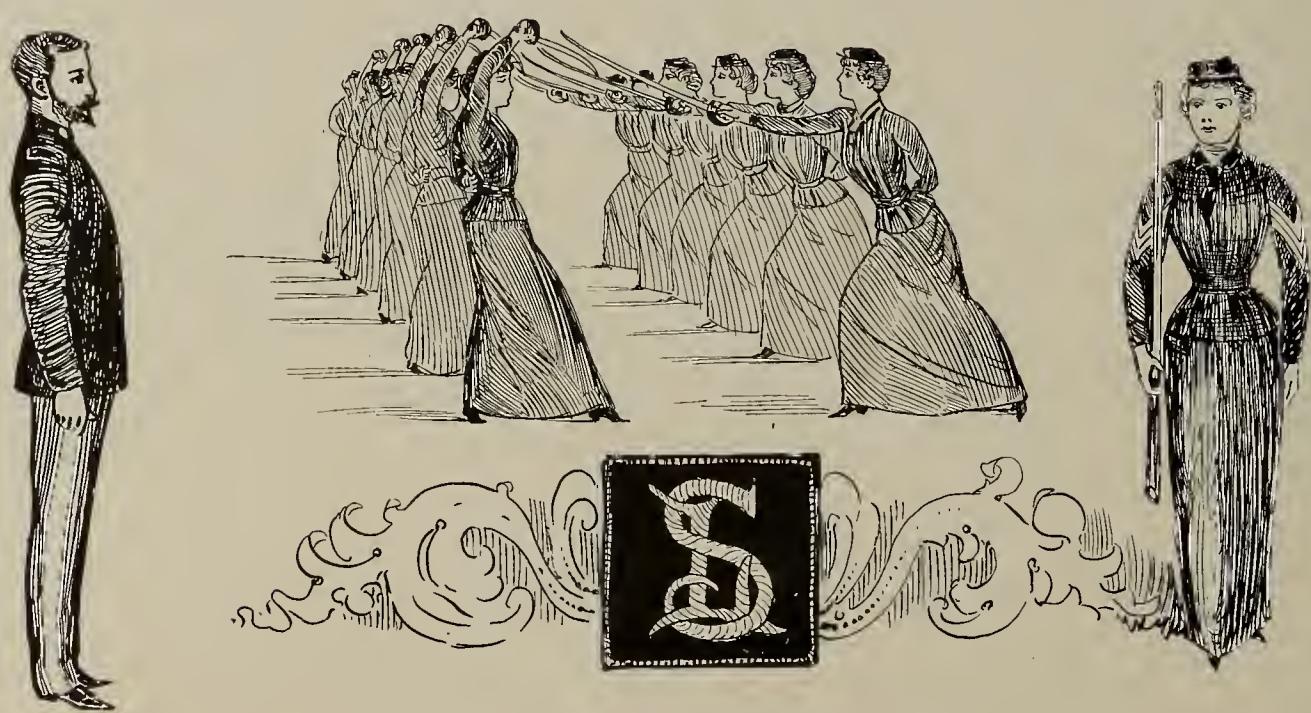
<i>Captain,</i> CAROLYN E. GILMAN.	<i>Lieutenant,</i> SIBYL H. SPAULDING.
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Sergeants.

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MOLLIE S. TAYLOR,
CARRIE L. STEEL,
BERTHA A. LILLIBRIDGE.

Corporals.

ANNA E. CROCKER,
ANNA WALSTON,
EFFIE E. SYMNS.



MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

THE achievements of this department have called forth boundless praise from all beholders.

The dignified, soldier-like bearing of the young women, their strict attention to duty, and, above all, their instant obedience to orders, arouse the greatest admiration, and immediately bring to one's mind the thought, "What *can't* a woman do?"

Hear the order, "Right forward, fours right!" ring out clear as a bell, as the dignified young captain takes her company in hand. Out wheel the fours, some threes with number four straggling behind in an imaginary line of her own. And why is the left four so far behind! Oh, yes! One soldier must stop to arrange her hair.

This one's cap is not set becomingly, so as soon as she reaches the mirror the ranks march on without her until it is adjusted to her satisfaction and a coquettish curl pulled into place. But she soon dodges into her position, and the column sweeps grandly on.

"To the rear, march!" Now what a scramble! All is wild confusion for a moment, but soon is heard again the steady tramp, tramp. Not a vestige of disorder can now be seen — all is once more placid as a summer sea. In rapid succession come the commands, "Right by twos!" "Fours right about!" "Left front into line!" "Forward, guide right, march!" All so admirably executed that we confidently exclaim, "Our republic is safe indeed! Even her maidens are trained for war!"

He of the far-famed cherry-tree, our father George, once said, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." We live in this glad age of peace and know its blessings; hence we have taken the good man's advice, and are ready to march to the front at the first sounding of the drum, and to fight and die for our country.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

“Young women of Lasell, you are sowing to-day the seed which your children and your children’s children will reap! What will the harvest be?”—LATHAM.

THE day of the leech and the medicine-man is past and gone. The time was when all a physician needed was a steady hand to apply the lancet, and a practised eye to distinguish the mint, the sassafras, and the tansy from the profusion of plants in wood and field.

Now, not only a certificate of graduation from a reputable medical college is required, but by some States a State examination must be passed before the ambitious man is permitted to go forth to fulfil his destiny. The more intelligent the people become, the greater the learning required of the physician.

The field has broadened in other directions. Man no longer has a monopoly of the profession. A woman can now enter the college, and run the race neck and neck with her brother. Who knows but that some one of us may win renown in this line in the years to come! We may be proud to say, “Know Dr. ——? Why, she was a schoolmate of mine at Lasell.”

Certainly, we all have great encouragement through the lectures of our talented Dr. Latham. Can we *ever* forget our Saturday lectures? Is not the oft-repeated statement, “Eat wholesome food, wear proper clothing, and breathe good fresh air!” graven in letters

of burnished gold in the mind of each one of us? And this is not the only maxim fixed in letters ineffaceable within our noble intellects. On every side — tier upon tier — they rise. “Breathe!” “Cultivate a cheerful disposition!” “Digest your food!” “Remember the ounce of prevention!” and high above all, in blazing letters of fire, “Young ladies, CLEAR THE TRACK!”

We have another division of our Medical Department, presided over by Miss Nutt. What should we do without our kind nurse to bind up wounded ankles and to rub aching backs! And some one must attend to those awful Sunday colds and that wretched tired feeling that always follows an evening at the Symphony concert. It is remarkable how all the little worries and ills of the whole week throng in on Sunday morning, until one feels “completely used up,” and just “too horrid to *think* of going to church.” But even with this extraordinary Sunday disease to contend with — an epidemic which usually lasts from the first of October until the first of June — our “weights and measures” are truly astonishing.

Imagine a merry band of school-girls disporting themselves upon our classic lawn. In the centre, our pride, our “airy fairy Lilian” of a girl, avoirdupois two hundred pounds, and waist measure just forty inches. How happy and round and rosy they look — all but one, our tiniest. See the great tear course slowly down her cheek as she gazes with envy and longing upon her more fortunate sisters. Do not weep, my child; only follow our never-failing maxims and cultivate a Lasell appetite, and we warrant success.

Hark ye, readers! Have ye acquaintances, friends, or kinsmen exceeding lean and desiring a more generous supply of adipose? Send them to Lasell!

“LASELL LEAVES.”

“*Dux Femina Facti.*”

Published monthly, during the School Year, by Lasell Publishing Association.

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LASELLIA FOREVER.

A WAY from our homes and the hearthstone so dear,
 Away from a father and mother,
 Away from the scenes where the sky is so clear,
 Away from a sister and brother,—
Away from them all, we long for the hour
When we clasp friendly hands in Lasellia's bower.

This bower is not rich in the trappings of wealth,
 No jewels are there shining brightly:
 Her treasures are spirits rejoicing in health,
 Who follow their queen tripping lightly.
Oh, joy, when the week bursts forth into flower,
 And our gala we hold in Lasellia's bower!

Lasellia, our queen, is a fostering guide,
 She leads us along the time river—
The past and the present commingled in flow
 Are washing the life banks forever.
Roll on, we can cry, we fear not thy power,
Our treasures are safe in Lasellia's bower!

But now we come forth from our lovely retreat,
 And bring in our hands of our treasure;
 Lasellia's fond maidens rejoicingly greet
 These faces that smile for our pleasure.
Your favor we ask, and this be your dower,
 Some day you shall peep in Lasellia's bower.

OUR S. D.

THE cheerful daylight now has flown,
And darkness settles o'er the lea.
What though winds wail with saddest moan,
Yet joyous is our own S. D.

Now list ! within that mystic throng
Rare voices gently, sweetly float ;
Like incense breath of prayer and song
Swells out that solemn, soulful note.

With high resolve and lofty aim,
From envious arts and wiles most free,
These maidens hear no words of blame,
They are our sisters — our S. D.

When duty calls — away, away,
Their tasks to learn, their pens to wield ;

Hope beckons on, points to the day
When they shall help in life's broad field.

Wealth of youth and love and learning !
How we rejoice that these may be !
Wealth of joy so oft returning,
Thou e'er art found in our S. D.

What though the future bids us part,
And sunders all these tender ties,
Yet will there linger round each heart
A vision as of Paradise.

A gleam that like a sunbeam bright,
On mountain side or deep blue sea,
Shall gild each path with purest light —
Blest mem'ries of our dear S. D.



OFFICERS.

President,

MISS McMARTIN.

Secretary,

MISS WALSTON.

Eater-in-Chief,

MISS HEALY.

Vice-President,

MISS CARPENTER.

Treasurer,

MISS HOLDEN.

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MISS ECKFORD.

Caterer,

MISS BURR.

THE EATING-CLUB OF LASELL SEMINARY.

WE, the undersigned, feeling the need of a better cultivation and promotion of the fine art of eating, do ordain and establish this constitution of the Eating-Club of Lasell Seminary.

I. All powers herein granted shall be vested in the majority vote of this club.

II. The officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer.

It shall be the duty of these officers to promulgate the aesthetics of fine eating, and from time to time write and publish articles on "The Cultivation of Capacity."

III. No person shall be eligible to election who has not a natural aptitude along the lines on which the club runs, or who has not cultivated the art of *long* eating.

IV. Any member showing signs of failing appetite shall be expelled at once, and the vacancy so made filled at the next meeting.

V. The act of leaving anything on the plate or the table shall constitute treason, and the guilty party shall be put out.

The vacancy may be filled at the same meeting.

VI. All members must pledge themselves to spend the majority of their time at the table, and no meal shall be *cut*.

VII. Their motto shall be,

"EAT ALL YOU GET AND GET ALL YOU CAN."

MISS MABEL CROCKER,

MISS CUSHING,

MISS SARA BOND,

MISS ALICE ANDREESSEN,

MISS ANNA MILLER,

MISS AVA RAWLEIGH,

MISS CARA SAWIN,

MISS FRANCES HOLMES,

MISS RUTH SEIBERLING,

MISS MAUDE DAY,

MISS BELLE MORROW,

MISS MAE HEALY,

MISS HELEN HOLDEN,

MISS ANNA WALSTON,

MISS GEORGIE BELLE DAVIS,

MISS MAMIE RANNEY,

MISS WINIFRED CONLIN,

MISS NELLE DAVIS.

M E N U.

	FRUIT.			LUNCH.	
Apples.	Bananas.	Oranges.			FISH.
				Smoked Cod.	Sardines.
					SALADS.
Farina.	Oatmeal.	Mush.		Potato.	Salmon.
					MEATS.
Steak.	Chops.	Ham and Eggs.		Hash à la dish.	Tongue à la slice.
					VEGETABLES.
Baked Potatoes.		Mashed Potatoes.			Potatoes à la wafer.
		French Fried Potatoes.			CAKES.
				Griddled avec sweet sauce.	
Corn.	Rolls.	Toast.			BREAD.
				White.	Graham. Biscuits avec honey.
RELISHES.					PUDDINGS.
Catsup.	Worcestershire Sauce.	Epicurean.			Pudding à la crumbs. Canned Fruit. Cream.
Cocoa.	Coffee.	Milk.			

DINNER.

	SOUP.			VEGETABLES.	
Amber.	Bean.	Vegetable.	Beans.	Corn.	Tomatoes.
					RELISHES.
				Epicurean.	Radishes. Pickles.
					DESSERT.
Beef.	Spring Lamb à la pease.		Veal.	Apple and Squash Pie.	
				Sherbet and Vanilla Cream.	
					Coffee and Lemon Jelly.
Chicken.	Salmon à la mustard dressing.			Nuts.	Raisins. Candy.

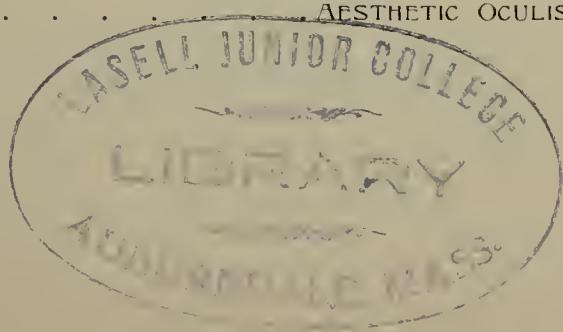
Our Several families and Their Various Callings.

The Holmes Family.

FRESH-AIR DEMON HOLMES TRAVELLING HUMORIST (ALWAYS ORIGINAL)
GYRATING SPINSTER HOLMES LEADER OF THE BAND
FATTY MONASTICAL HOLMES PHYSICAL CULTURE
OBELISK HOLMES EDITOR OF ENCYCLOPEDIA AND FRENCH DICTIONARY

The Johnson Family.

CHAMELEON BANK-NOTE JOHNSON TEACHER OF MATHEMATICAL BRANCHES
JABBERING JESTER JOHNSON SWITCH TENDER
BELATED DROWSY JOHNSON MANUFACTURER OF TIMEPIECES
GRAVITY ANACONDA JOHNSON AESTHETIC OCULIST





COOKING CLASSES.

JENNIE M. ARNOLD

THIRD YEAR.

L. MABEL CASE

NELLE G. DAVIS

JESSIE M. GASKILL

MARY M. MILLER

MOLLIE S. TAYLOR

EMMA L. WHITE

LOUISE C. WHITNEY

HELEN W. BOSS

SPECIALS.

LAURA R. COMSTOCK

ANNA E. CROCKER

ELIZABETH W. FLEMING

JUNE M. HOYT

CARRIE B. JOHNSON

MINNIE B. KIESEL

BERTHA MERRYMAN

ELIZABETH STEPHENSON

MARTHA B. STONE

A WONDERFUL TALE.

A LITTLE charm a maiden bore,—
Oh ! listen to this wondrous tale ! —
On which all maidens set a store,
If they've learned at Lasell the cooking-lore.
Oh ! listen to my wondrous tale !

Now this little loaf of golden hue —
Listen to this wondrous tale ! —
She'd won at school as her lawful due,
Because she could the best bread brew,*
And also make the nicest stew.
Oh ! isn't this a wonderful tale !

She proudly bore it to the West, —
Listen to my wonderful tale ! —
And all her mates who'd tried the test,
And had kneaded and baked with equal zest
(But hadn't got the prize),
Bade her good-by with laugh and jest.
Oh ! listen to this wondrous tale !

She reached her home in highest glee,
The maid of this wonderful tale !
But what is this her bright eyes see?
Why, the cook in the parlor with her company,
While down below are the family.
Oh ! listen to this sad, sad tale !

Yes, cook has become the "Queen of the Home,"
Which isn't such a wonderful tale ;

And the family poor are forced to roam
In the kitchen below, to find a bone
And to learn to do what they never have known.

Oh ! listen to this mournful tale !

But into the kitchen goes this maiden wise, —
Just hear this wonderful tale !
She tries her hand at cakes and pies,
Which never fall, for they always rise,
And nobody believes their very own eyes.
Oh ! isn't this a wonderful tale !

The "Queen of the Home," in a fearful rage, —
Listen to my wonderful tale ! —
Straightway leaves without even her wages,
While the "bereaved" family thinks this an age
Of the most wonderful tales.

For thereupon all their troubles flee, —
Listen to this wonderful tale !
They go about in the highest glee,
They never are all with the "dyspepsy,"
And all their meals are cooked to a T
By the maid of this wonderful tale.

And to what is all this wonder due,
In this wonderful, wonderful tale ?
Why, to the little loaf of golden hue,
To its fairy spell and its magic too ;
Yes, that makes this wonderful tale !

* Poetical license.

SENIOR STATISTICS.

NAME.	Resident State.	Highest Ambition.	Disposition.	Matrimonial Prospects.	Destiny.	Known as.	Characteristic Expression.
Jennie M. Arnold . .	Mass.	Looking up Hebrew translations.	Bashful.	Glimmering.	Wait and see.	"Biddle."	Oh! it's the faculty.
Eva L. Couch	Me.	To steal the forbidden "Rose."	Anything but sweet.	Rosy prospects.	Doctor.	"Couchie."	You don't mean it.
Nellie G. Davis . . .	Ill.	Dress reform.	Meek.	No one good enough.	Looking after Ben's wants.	"Nell."	Blame the expense.
Clara Eades	Ill.	To be a giraffe.	Too dictatorial.	Disappointed.	Brushing cobwebs off of the sky.	"Cledes."	Oh! great scots.
Elizabeth Ewing . .	Kan.	Know her chemistry just once.	Differs with surroundings.	Not yet.*	Electioneering for Democratic Presidents.	"Bettie."	Oh! now.
Flora M. Gardner . .	Ill.	Run the Lasellia Club.	Overbearing.	Waiting and watching.	Have a peanut stand at the Columbian Exposition.	"Fogie."	S'perb.
Jessie M. Gaskill . .	R.I.	Ramble in the woods.	?	Soon.	Leader of Salvation Army.	"Jess."	Is that so?
Harriet M. Noble . .	Ohio.	Wait in Huyler's for street-car.	Reserved.	Who knows?	Lawyer.	"Good-nature."	Well, I declare.
Bessie M. Pennell . .	Kan.	To occupy two rooms.	Perfectly harmless.	Too young.	Travel with Mr. Spaulding.†	"Little Pennell."	Gigger.
Nellie M. Richards . .	Mass.	Not to be troubled with trunks when travelling.	Sportive.	Never.†	Keep house for mamma.	"Goon."	My stars and apple blossoms.
Esther Scouller . . .	Pa.	How to conjugate French verbs.	Jovial.	Has her cap set.	Circus rider.	"Essie."	Patch it.
Ida O. Short	Pa.	Write the essays for the whole of the Senior Class.	Suits everybody.	Time yet.	Stop short — never to go again.	"Idie."	Y-e-s.
Effie E. Symns . . .	Kan.	To be arrested for fast driving.	Reckless.	In cupid's net.	To do just as the king — commands.	"Squires."	You old cow.

* Has to get Annie off first.

† Mamma will not give her up.

‡ Not the lecturer.

ODE TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY SENIORS.

(IMITATING THE STYLE OF EURIPIDES AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.)

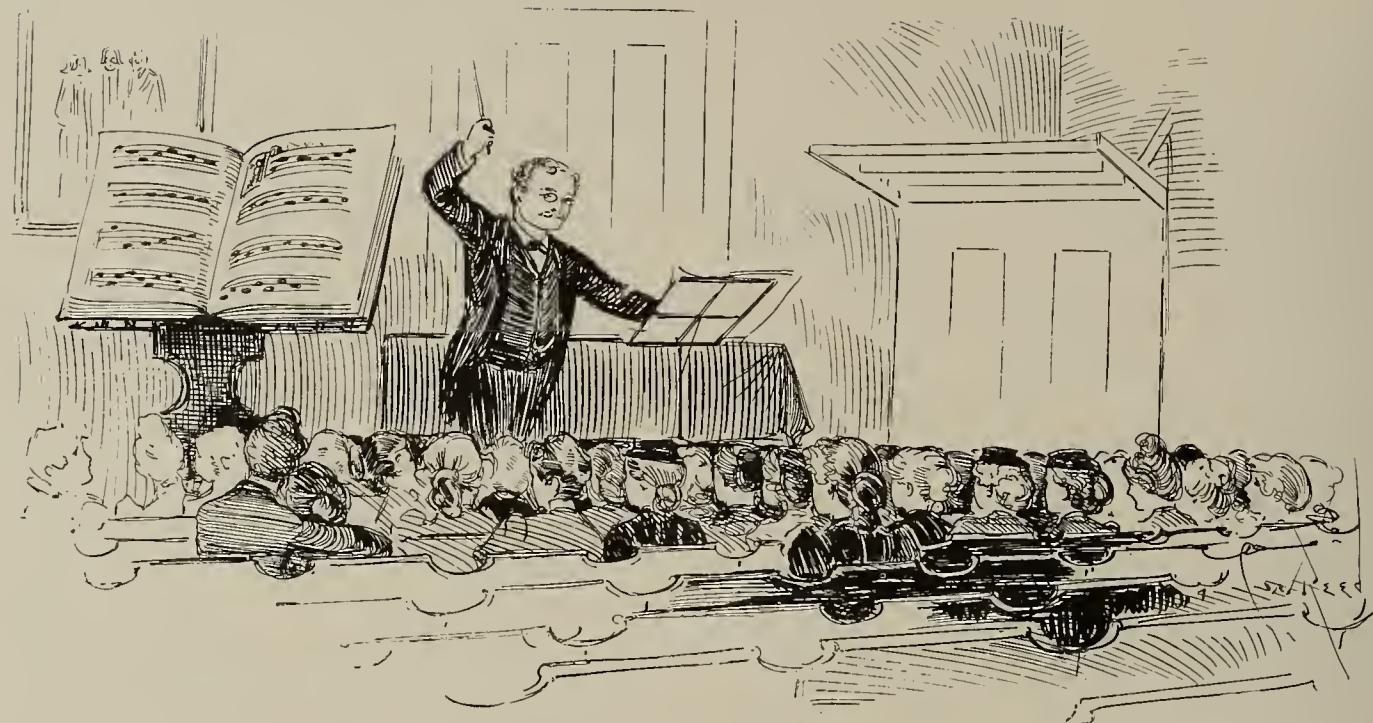
WATCH around me, ye poetical muses ;
Lead my pen in the way it should go,
While I sing my song of the Senior class,
And give me words to express their self-conceit.

Alas ! Yea, alas ! for that Senior class,
It would overawe all innocent and unobtrusive classes ;
But there are individuals in these classic halls
That will not be daunted by that class.

Verily, thou art a peculiar specimen,
Having such an abnormal knowledge of all branches
That you have no need of the study card,
Except in class meetings.

But why sing of the members of '93 ?
Because it sets a good example to younger classes,
Especially in English,
When a smile is never seen upon thy mobile features.

Thou art also worthy of mention because of thy vast wealth,
Thou art indeed daughters of Crœsus (millionaires) ;
For are not thy closets well lined with last year's Allerlei ?
And thou art also liberal with advice.
For these reasons we sing of thee,
O wonderful, peculiar, extraordinary '93 !



ORPHEAN CLUB.

GRACE L. ALLEN,

ALICE ANDRESEN,

JULIA W. ANDERSON,

LOTTIE F. APPEL,

JENNIE M. ARNOLD,

HELEN W. BOSS,

K. BELLE BRAGDON,

LOUISE BULL,

MAE A. BURR,

HELEN W. CLEAVELAND,

WINIFRED T. CONLIN,

MAUD DAY,

FANNIE V. FAIRCHILD,

ELIZABETH W. FLEMING,

HATTIE L. FREEBEY,

FLORA M. GARDNER,

MARY M. HEALEY,

LESTRA M. HIBBERD,

JULIA E. HOGG,

FRANCES D. HOLMES,

ALICE J. HOUGHTON,

JANE M. HOYT,

GRACE A. JOHNSON,

CARRIE B. JOHNSON,

MINNIE P. KIESEL,

MARY F. LATHROP,

GRACE E. LOUD,

NELLIE M. RICHARDS,

HARRIETTE G. SCOTT,

MARY SEAMAN,

CLARA B. SIMPSON,

GRACE SNYDER,

MABEL TAYLOR,

MABEL TOMLINSON,

LILLIE S. TUKEY,

MAY TULLEYS,

JAMIE L. WATSON,

EMMA L. WHITE.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTES.

I.

BELLE BRAGDON

LESTRA M. HIBBERD

NELLIE RICHARDS

MR. HILLS

II.

JENNIE M. ARNOLD

ANNA E. CROCKER

MARY M. MILLER

MILDRED WARREN

III.

URSULA KING

ANNA F. CUSHING

CARRIE T. MANNING

RUTH V. SANKEY

IV.

ELIZABETH McECHRON

WINNIFRED T. CONLIN

LOUISE ZSCHETZSCHE

SARA HAYDEN

THE FRENCH CLUB.

WITH meteoric brilliancy and quickness the star of the French Club rose and fell on the vision of Lasell.

One day rumors were heard of a club at whose meetings nothing but French should be spoken; then one evening a meeting was held in the S. D. room, to which a brilliant few were admitted, and an excited clamor of "C'est vrai je ne sais pas" and "What did she say?" arose and drifted out of the windows to the ears of the girls in the third-story rooms on the east wing. A little after nine the crowd climbed wearily to their rooms, a tired but happy expression on their faces.

A few days after, the treasurer, with an important air and a note-book in her hand, went around and collected the "cinquante sous, no centimes, no sous, which was it anyhow?" and the great "Cénacle" was fairly organized.

For a while the excitement was furious. It is reported that some of the members even talked French in their dreams.

Books were procured and every one began to learn her part for a play, which, as the outsiders were condescendingly informed, was to take place in the gymnasium the night before the Christmas vacation, and the school was to be invited.

Soon, however, a curious malady began to afflict the members. They would be apparently well and happy all the week until Wednesday evening just before the half-past seven bell, when they would retire to their rooms declaring they were ill. Soon, when asked, each girl replied: "Oh, no, I don't belong." Presently the meetings dwindled to mademoiselle and Richard, who faithfully lighted the gas and grinned cheerful French until mademoiselle was satisfied that no one was coming.

Now the room is darkened, and at the appointed hour none but the spirits whisper, "Où sont-elles?"

So like a brilliant soap-bubble and scores of other things, the gay but learned French Club vanished into mist.



“WHAT
LUCK”?

NOS MOUVEMENTS GIRATOIRES.



HE faculty, once on a time,
Resolved all forces to combine,
And so they'd take our nerves to train,
And thus we ease and grace would gain.

Said one, " As you will plainly see,
Our girls must strong and active be ;
Rencontre avec le froid froid monde,
Toujours they'll have a lasting bond." "
Each racks in vain his learned head
Until one earnest voice has said :
" I've solved the problem ! You shall see
Quelles agiles demoiselles they'll be."
" Hear ! hear ! " each voice in triumph cried,
And vowed this method should be tried.
Enfin ! the day — then to the CALL
The girls come trooping one and all,
And each is eagerness to see
Whate'er the wondrous scheme might be.
Sans doute, it much impression made,
Pour maintenant all plans are laid,
En prendre the world at large d'assaut
With graceful gestures — comme il faut.
Mais ! allons ! et peut-être c'est vrai
We'll spy upon these maidens gay,
And see the many quirks and quirks
Which are imposed on all our girls.
Ma foi ! we view them in dismay,
All seated there in strange array.
But watching *mouvements giratoires*
Compels trop vite de l'eau camphor.
As like a palm or lily fair
We see them swaying in the air,
We catch our breath lest by some fate
They may in countless pieces break.
And still our wonder grows as we

A strange and fearful sight do see.
A maiden's graceful form we view —
Any more graceful ? Pas du tout.
Then limp, inanimate, we spy
This portion of humanity
In every weird position thrown
As if she were a bag of stone ;
When in a twinkling from her place
She rises with such ease and grace
That all the girls, with one desire,
Faire la même chose, do now aspire ;
And such a twisting and a turning,
All former laws of nature spurning,
That anxiously we seek some sign
Of girlish human form divine.
At last they stand in single file.
The bell ! Voilà ! A beaming smile,
A deep'ning hush ; then toward the door
They glide " more quiet than e'er before."
As home we wend our weary way,
We think of what we've seen this day,
And over our bewildered brain
Steal pensées fraught with greatest pain ;
And to our lasting shame we say it,
That still we'd rather go than pay it,
The same ungraceful, awkward gait
That jusqu' alors has been our fate.

L'EPILOGUE.

Voyez ! in prophecy we see
The future Lasell compagnie.
Now we'll this much reveal to you,
They're gracefulness itself ! C'est tout.

THE FACULTY.

SINCE long before the present time,
There have been at Lasell —
Which school the situation is
In Auburndale, they tell, —

There have been Juniors every year,
But none to come, nor yet before,
In wisdom, wit, or intellect,
Can reach the class of ninety-four.

As is the custom in this school,
Each year the Juniors print
A book of poems, prose, and grinds,
And put some pictures in't.

So time has come for *us* to try
Our hand at making rhymes,
And our book surely will surpass
All those of former times.

'Tis strange, 'tis true, but we'll confess
That when our grinding's done,
We joy the most in railing at
The teachers, one by one;

For 'tis they who haunt us, tire us
With their never-ending store ;
First they cram us, then they squelch us,
Thus they prove one constant bore.

Do you wonder when the time comes
That we can retaliate,
That our hearts beat wild with joy
To recapitulate their fate?

So we'll be sincere, and tell you
All the faults the teachers own,
All their graces, gifts, and follies,
Both together and alone.

Foremost in this noble army
Stands our generous-hearted chief :
He with best intentions ever
For his girls. Yet what relief

Do we all feel ! for now we joy
In chapel sessions much more short ;
Since to the Old World he has gone,
No more to us can he exhort.

His "bits" no more do tire our souls
As from "Zion's Herald" he reads ;
But still we do his counsel miss,
His chiding for our deeds,

His inky locks, his features spare,
His mad, impetuous ways ;
His eyes can look us through and through
With their soul-searching gaze.

While he is on his pilgrimage
Another takes his place,
Resembling much a patriarch,
And rubicund of face.

His voice is like the distant sound
Of some far-rolling thunder,
When he to pupils doth expound,
Or when they make a blunder.

His hearing is not very good,
But after repetition
He always manages to hear
Each answer or petition.

Of all the noted women
On record in Lasell,
Is Caroline A. Carpenter,
Most difficult to tell.

Her ways are all past finding out,
Sarcastic, smiling, bland ;
An adept at cross-questioning —
To vanquish her takes "sand."

A terror to delinquents
Who come to table late,
Because of curling many locks
Upon a hollow pate.

For curling-irons she abjures
As needless in this world.
She'd rather have us look *passée*
Than spend time getting curled.

"Tis well to have a mem'ry good,
But not so well to know
The Lasell catalogue by heart,
And say it off *so-so*.

Thus knows our worthy preceptress
Each rule that governs here,
And will not vary in the least
For e'en her *dearest dear*.

Miss Carpenter's her right-hand man,
From her she takes advice ;
And with Miss C. behind the throne,
Life's not so very nice.

"Of course you see how 'tis yourself,
I cannot let you go."
The while her hands she wildly wrings,
She firmly answers "No."

She tells us not to dress in style,
Would have us modern cranks
In dress reform in all its lines ;
For which she gets no thanks.

"Where are you at?" she sternly asks ;
Then we foresee our doom,
For 'tis against her stringent rules
To sleep out of one's room.

'Tis science tells her how unsafe
For three to spend the night
In rooms whose size is two by four --
Still, how we wish we might !

Sir H. L. R., the chemist learned,
Can pictures deftly take,
And all may at the great World's Fair
His work investigate.

For here he will display with care
Not only photos fine,
But he'll tell you all, most gladly,
His "idears" in that line.

In choir most thoroughly he works
With all his might and main,
Bowing and jerking with each beat
His head and hands and frame ;

But yet he knows so much withal
Concerning this *rich* earth,
That to hear him talk on "strater"
You'd get all your money's worth.

In un conspicuous attire
Illumed by necktie red,
His heart burns with consuming fire,
His glance fills us with dread.

As has been mentioned here before,
He has a massive brain,
His heart is also of great size,
With room for maiden's — twain,

Besides his own fair favored one
He secretly adores ;
He gives her candy by the ton
And sends no end of flowers.

A pond'rous person, slow but sure,
Is next for us to treat ;
Of generous proportions she,
And corresponding feet.

And in the realm of algebra,
Or any mathematics,
Or in the missionary field,
She's the greatest of fanatics.

On dress reform she also dotes,
Nor wears her hair in curl ;
And believes to be in comfort dressed
The duty of each girl.

From science now we turn to art,
Where soul-inspiring thought,
In colors rich and rare and bright,
By master-hand is taught.

The Salon marked him for its own,
But now he is our prize ;
And from his soaring tendencies
He's found up near the skies.

To concerts oft he takes a crowd,
And worries a great deal
For fear lest down some dark side street
One'll slip, as doth an eel.

He takes precautions them to count,
His vigilance ne'er slumbers,
And at each corner makes them halt,
While there he each one numbers.

His face a blushing rose is like,
His talk oft lacks coherence ;
He much resembles old Vandyck
In personal appearance.

Now music our attention claims,
With its two devotees :
The one who works the Orphean Club,
The other pounds the keys.

He is endowed with much conceit,
The other does not lack it ;
His room is full of noisy sounds,
He's an expert at a *racket*.

His aches and pains are oft retailed
To pupils sympathetic ;
While Mr. Davis' handsome face
Would please the most æsthetic.

Our French lessons are said to one
Whose manner's most abrupt.
She sends us to the Study Hall,
Gets "rattled" at acts corrupt.

Her eyes are black, her hair also,
Her feet not very small;
She gave up learning how to fence,
For fear she'd take a fall.

America to her is dear,
She gives us lessons long,
She plays upon the violin,
But indulges not in song.

A *petite* person next we see,
She's little, but — oh, my!
And she goes prying, peeking 'round
Most conscientiously.

The Crazy Alley evil-doers
She marketh for her own;
She sits there by her open door,
All by herself alone.

She will not take an "*Ich weiss nicht*"
For any answer given,
And tells us we must study more,
Tho' we've already striven.

She is the most inquisitive
Of all the teachers here,
The sister of the fraulein
Who instructed us last year.

The daughter of her "*mamma dear*"
Knows Latin some and Greek;
She's tall and thin, and has light hair,
Her tastes are most unique.

She seems quite fond of scolding,
Wants things her own sweet way,
And if at table we want more
To eat, she'll say us "Nay."
"There are some things, young ladies,
Not to be asked for twice,
So do not pass a second time
Your plates, for 'tis not nice."

Miss Shinn, all say, is ever sweet,
Beloved by every one;
She tells us how to speak a piece,
And court'sy when 'tis done.

'Tis hard enough to go to church,
And sit the long hours through;
But harder still to take down notes,
And write the sermons too.

Our English teacher 'tis whose rule
Requires each week this work,
And squelches every one who dares
This constant duty shirk.

She's large, good-hearted, and talks well,
Her language's most correct,
But still her voice is apt to squeak,
Whene'er you'd least expect.

Then Miss McMartin athletes shows,
She's liked by every one;
Her face is sweet, she dances well,
And this year Gym's great fun.

But still when toward the practice rooms
We hear her lightly tread,
We shake for those who're skipping,
Since to make up time all dread.

Our nursie next the word demands,
'Tis she our health preserves,
Prescribing harmless sugar pills
As tonic for the nerves.

Her liquid compounds we can drink
Without a thought of fear;
Her pet relief's the *water-bag*,
" 'Twill make you better, dear."

But when we fain would stay from church,
On wicked pleasure bent,
'Tis then she leaves us in the lurch,
To this she'll not consent.

A typical New England maid,
She burns with fire internal,
And though she is a good sound *Nutt*,
No one has claimed the kernel.

Fear not — we have not left thee out,
Nor do we yet intend to,
For "last's the best of all the game,"
And we would not offend you.

As librarian she presides —
Her motto should be Mizpah;
She watches with an eagle's eye
For all who dare to whisper.

She knows more than the books by name,
For them she's reading ever;
From preface to the grand finis
Devours she with endeavor.

She makes one think of some wise owl,
Absorbed in contemplation,
Or little ostrich in the song,
Dispensing information.

Or still like our own geyser great,
Which from its constant spouting
Is called "Old Faithful" — so is she
Her knowledge never doubting.

Perhaps you have not yet discerned
Whose character portray we:
She wore the cap and gown last June,
'Tis our "Old Faithful" Witherbee.

Where e'er they be,
On land or sea,
Lasell girls all agree with me,
That truth I've told,
Though rather bold,
And hope the teachers will not scold.

NATATORIUM.



The first two strokes you feel quite brave,
Then, with a gurgling moan,
You wildly clutch at empty air,
And sink to worlds unknown.

Down, down you go beneath the wave,
You think you're going miles,
You know you're drowned — a long farewell
To loved ones' praise and smiles.

A MAID must never leave Lasell
Until she's learned to swim,
For the act some day, we cannot tell,
May save both life and limb.

The first lesson in the harness
Is awful, to be sure ;
But if you wish to learn to swim,
The fright you must endure.

Then when you've learned to move your
hands,
And kick your feet to match,
They take the harness off of you,
And send you forth unbacked.

You do not know how long you're there,
It may be months or years,
But the friendly pole thrust in your hand
Soon quiets all your fears.

It is not always thus, my friends,
If it were, few would survive ;
One or two more lessons, and — oh, bliss —
You've learned to jump and dive.

THE GROCERY STORE.

1.

O H, Auburndale's a *lively* town,
Its attractions are a score ;
Yet to the Sem girls most alluring by far
Is the little grocery store.

2.

There what luxuries unknown
Are arrayed within !
Chocolates, caramels, pickles, and cake
Tempt the innocent ones to sin.

3.

Oh, were it not for that little back door,
What would the Lasell girl do ?
And many a penny the grocer would lose,
Should he fail to the girls to be true.

4.

Many a spread would never have been
But for the grocery store ;
And when you have been there in safety once,
You are sure to visit it more.

5.

But when caught in the acts, oh, horrors !
For teachers do frequent that street,
And when you are summoned to meet Mrs. E.,
The pleasure is far from sweet.



6.

Then there's an end to all fun for the term,
And life is bitter indeed ;
And frowned on by faculty, greatest and least,
What a sorry existence we lead !

MORAL.

Now take my advice, O gentle maid,
Shun every grocery store,
For you're sure to get caught when having some fun,
And then — misery forevermore !

LOVE'S SWEET DREAM.

SHOULD you ask me whence this story,
Whence this tale of love and wooing,
With its joys and with its sorrows,
With its lesson which we should learn,
I should answer, I should tell you,
“From the country of New England,
From the land of our forefathers,
From the State of Massachusetts,
From the town of Auburndale.”
Should you ask me why I'm weeping,
As the thoughts pass quickly o'er me,
Thoughts so sad that they 'most “floor me,”
I should answer, I should tell you,
“It's because the story's touching,
And because I'm tender-hearted,
And it pains me to remember
How those dear, sweet, charming maidens
Were so jilted by their lover—
Right in the ‘one-two-three’ order—
As the other girls looked onward.”

It all happened in this manner:
To Lasell School for young ladies,

Situated right near Boston,
In the region of the ocean,
In '91, the month September,
From Lake Michigan, the west shore,
Came a girl to work and study,
To increase her knowledge greatly;
Hair and eyes both dark, sweet-looking;
Fascinated all who knew her.

At Lasell, for two years, had been
Another girl, herself most lovely,
Light, fine-looking, and most jolly;
Dancing firmly she believed in.
To distinguish her from others
And to make the story clearer,
Let us call her — say — “Carnation,”
And the first one, tho' we know her
And it seems indeed quite needless,
Let us call her “Violetta.”
Now, to proceed with the story:
Violetta, as we have said,
Came to Lasell in September,
Came, you know, to work and study.

Short was the time she had been there,
When in Carnation's heart there sprang up
Affections which grew only stronger
For her as the days passed onward.
How she loved her, how she worshipped
Everything which she did handle !

Things went on until December ;
Still Carnation's love grew stronger.
Then it was that on her finger
Violetta put her own ring,
There to stay till death should part them,
So to prove that there between them
Was affection deep and earnest.

But with '92's Commencement
Violetta's love grew weaker,
And her actions grew they cooler
Toward her precious, darling true-love.
Then the Lenten season came on,
And the girls stopped eating candy ;
With the dear boys stopped their flirting
(Some great sacrifice they must make),
Stopped did they for just ten hours —
Then went at it more than ever.
Meanwhile our two charming lovers
Had a score or more of quarrels,
And the ring on "Carnie's" finger
Was returned to her who gave it.
Broken-hearted was Carnation,

But she showed it very little,
Kept it to herself so closely
That but few did know how wretched
Her life was and always would be.

'Twas not so with Violetta,
For, you see, she cared not any —
Cared not whether "Carnie" loved her
Or loved another even more so ;
For the truth, I must confess it,
Was that she herself was in love
With another, tall and stately.
"Lily," for it's that we'll call her,
Was a Senior in that same year,
And a beauty was she also —
She with eyes so black in color.
Her did 'Letta love most truly,
And for it, as a slight return,
Lily gave up all her close friends,
Gave herself up to her lover.
Then did Violetta bring out
The same ring which poor Carnation
Wore upon her finger only
From mid-winter until Easter ;
Bade her put it on *her* finger,
Wear and treasure 'bove all others,
As a pledge of her devotion,
Deep and earnest in its nature.

Spring passed on, and so the school year
Passed away, the girls went homeward ;

Seniors to be gone forever,
Others to return September.
Thus our lovers, so devoted,
From each other were they parted,
And to each life was most wretched,
Caused by absence of the other.
Like true lovers, separated,
To each other wrote they daily,
Till they could stand it no longer
(The separation, not the writing) ;
And one day in sunny July,
Lily went to visit 'Letta.

Then it was that they were happy—
Ah, so happy! Oh, so happy!
Just like any other lovers
Who've been absent from each other.

Summer gone, the fall beginning,
Lasell again with girls was lively ;
Some were gay and very giddy,
But some were, oh! so very homesick.
Violetta and Carnation
Both returned to work and study,
To increase their knowledge greatly.
But our Lily, she returned not,
And poor 'Letta, she did grieve so.
Then it was that fair Carnation
Thought she would again be in it,
Little dreaming that another
Girl would bob up so serenely.

In this world all is uncertain,
One can tell naught of the morrow.

So it happened Violetta,
When from Lily was divided,
Learned to love, yes, quite another,
Different also from the others.
For she, "Daisy" we shall call her,
Was quite small and had clear blue eyes,
Eyes that twinkled, oh! so brightly ;
From dear old Connecticut came she,
From the piano made she music.

To keep up her reputation
As an ardent lover, 'Letta
Affectionately loved her Daisy,
Loved her almost to distraction,
Same as they do in Chicago,
And are divorced the day after.

So it was with Violetta.
Of her Daisy grew she weary,
And as the days of the New Year
Rolled along she dropped her flatly —
Dropped her flatly without warning.
By the jarring of the dropping
Daisy's heart was sadly broken,
And her life, too, made most wretched ;
But she afterwards recovered,
And now guards 'gainst fickle lovers.

At exactly the same instant
'Letta let poor Daisy tumble,
Picked she up and with her carried
" Little Pansy," sweet and winning —
Little Pansy, plump and quiet,
Dignified and lovely singer,
Dark eyes, and dark hair so curly.

'Letta, though she loved the others,
Even more so loved she Pansy,
Loved her 'way beyond distraction ;
And again the ring came forward,
Which at last reports poor Lily
Wore and treasured, oh ! so greatly.
This time on sweet Pansy's finger

Went the ring, and there it lingers
To this day, but — how much longer ?

Poor Carnation, Lily, Daisy,
Each in turn so cruelly jilted
By their horrid fickle lover,
By the charming Violetta.
Oh, take lesson from this story —
From this sad and truthful story.
Guard against those naughty wooers,
Wooers of the dear, sweet maidens,
Wreckers of so many young lives.
If they're *men* guard you against them —
Doubly guard you — if they're "*girruls*" !!!



THE MORNING TIMES, APRIL 1, 1893.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

Page

LOCAL.

1. A Fallen Idol.
2. Warm; uncertain.
3. Suicide.
3. Wedding Bells.
3. Social Gossip.
3. Court News.

NEW ENGLAND.

5. Malden Drills.
6. Harvard Notes.

FOREIGN.

1. Present State of German Society.—Special Despatch from H-l-n M-rr-s.

IN GENERAL.

1. Gossip from Washington.
2. Personals.
2. Poem.
3. Music and Drama.
4. History of Strikes.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

LOCAL FORECAST.

BOSTON, March 31, 8 P.M. Indications for Friday evening: fair, and continued warm winds; but watch out — indications as to weather are deceptive.

AUBURNDALE WEATHER.

Easterly winds; threatening rain.

Yesterday.

	1892.	1893.
6 A.M.	34	32
9 A.M.	42	40
12	48	52
3 P.M.	41	52
6 P.M.	40	46
*9 P.M.	33	43

*Lasell midnight.

“THE MIND.”

Absent Mindedness and How to Cure it.

BY

B-SS W-NSL-W.

This treatise is indorsed by the leading psychologists of Europe and America. The author's name is enough to make it sell.

SUICIDE!

Lasell Colony Startled.

Attempt to End her Life.

[*Special to the Times.*]

LASELL, April 1. The attempted suicide last night of one of our students caused intense excitement, and the air was filled with gossip among the friends of the young lady.

On the night of March thirty-first when the night watchman was passing through the natatorium, a ghastly sight met his eyes, a body floating in the tank. The hasty removal and prompt action with vigorous work soon restored the fast-ebbing life. This is another case of affections crushed. For several days past friends had noticed the depressed spirits of the young lady, but thought it was the usual homesickness. When first missed the search was fruitless, and so all decided she had grown desperate and gone to her

fond parents. Afterward a hastily written note addressed to her chum told the story. It ran as follows:

“Life,” said she, “has become a burden, and all I care most for is to sweep away this awful agony caused by my ideal deserting me, and giving her affections to another. What do I care now for life? *Farewell.*”

But she has been saved, and now sees her folly. So we hope this will be a lesson to others.

TWO ILLS.

Sunday.

Ache, head;
Cold, bed;
Church, cut,
Through *Att.*

Monday.

Up, well;
Quite swell;
Boston nix;
Bad fix.

Next Sunday
All's well;
Next Monday
Bills swell.

HAVE YOU HAIR?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

The Seven Sutherlands Put to Flight.

The discoverer begs to inform the public that her new hair restorer is now in the market. It goes quickly to the spot, and covers the bald pate like magic.

B E W A R E of imitations peddled from door to door.

—NN- W-LST-N.

PERSONALS.

IN a letter dated March 30, J-n-e H-yt writes that she is enjoying highly Northern New York. “However much,” she writes, “I entered into pastoral life during the summer, and liked it, I have now dipped deeper, and find it more fascinating than ever.”

SMALL gifts of charity are seldom thought worthy of public attention. But a recent subscription ought to be made public: An intimate friend of Miss L-str- H-bb-rd has raised a small sum to purchase a pair of shoe laces for her.

SELDOM does the feminine mind run to the ring. Lasell can boast of a prodigy in that line, in Fr-nc-s H-lm-s, who has at tongue's end all the names and abodes, together with the present and past records, of America's several pugilists.

THE many friends of Miss L-ll-br-dg- will appreciate her disappointment in not finding her young gentleman caller, April first.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

"Ou Sont dont ces Messieurs."

PUBLIC DISAPPOINTED.

French Artists Fail to Appear.

LITTLE does the public realize what a treat it missed in the failure to put on the stage "Ou Sont dont ces Messieurs." The many rehearsals, the careful costuming by French artists, and the new stage effects had brought this play to a point of perfection. The failure of financial matters and the growing passion of the manager for the fiddle were the causes of this failure.

GRAND CONCERT.

First Rehearsal Lasell Orchestra.

A LARGE and enthusiastic audience attended the first public rehearsal of the Seminary Orchestra, and the many lovers of music were given a genuine treat. The breadth and scope of composition showed the writers to have talent possessed by few amateurs.

Some of the pieces given during the evening merit more than a passing notice.

"Where Shall I Find Him?" a duet in B flat, was beautifully rendered by Signora Howletti and Mlle. Bu(i)lle. It showed a depth of feeling one could not have, had she not long continued her search for the *unknown*.

"A New Friend," a solo for the bass viol, met with great success.

Signora Manninori showed great skill in the part where the old friendship is scorned and thrown aside for the new. The orchestral work is deserving of much praise. Each member worked as a *unit*, and showed considerable talent as a *soloist*.

SOCIAL GOSSIP.

THE customary bunch of Easter engagements has been announced. Some of these, as usual, were a surprise to friends, and others had been looked for earlier in the season.

Mrs. C. has sent out cards announcing the engagement of her daughter, M-b-l, to Bert W-ls-n.

The long-looked-for S-m-n and T-l-ysengagement has been made public.

Affections are often like mushrooms, of rapid growth. Another instance of this has been made public in the announced engagement of M-b-l C-s. and Reg H.-ght-n.

WEDDING BELLS.

Notable Event in Social Circles.

Bardhub and Bennet.

A WEDDING which was an "event" in Lasell Society was that of Lee Bennet and Louisa Pallister Bardhub. The ceremony was performed in the S.D. society room, the Hon. H. A. Holden officiating. Both beauty and charm were seen as the bride walked up the aisle of the beautifully decorated society room. Her costume consisted in white cotton de soie, the skirt with long court train, trimmed with point d'Ireland. The bodice cut à la Russe, pointed front and back, and trimmed with des rubans flottantes. The costume was daintily concealed beneath the graceful folds of the veil, which was a marvel of beauty and size, eight yards being its length. The maid of honor seemed to have stepped from some painting, clad as she was in red crepe and white net, with ruchings of blue and green. The bridesmaids were all that art could make them.

At the close of the ceremony all departed to the home of the bride, where a reception was held.

TREASON!

Eating-Club in a Turmoil.

Leading Member tried by Court Martial.

A TEMPEST in the teapot has been brewing for some time among the members of Lasell Eating Club. It has resulted in a definite charge of treason against one of the leading members, and yesterday the case was tried.

The case, hanging on a technical point concerning the interpretation of the constitution, was tried by those well versed.

Treason according to the constitution is a wilful neglect of any duty of the club.

Here is a case where the defendant is charged with carrying the aesthetic in eating too far and thus bringing the good name and honor of the club in disrepute.

After an impartial trial the defendant, duly warned to keep in mind the good name of the association, was discharged.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE.

SPECIAL FIRST OF APRIL BARGAINS.

The Entire Stock of the Lost Drawer must be Slaughtered.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

The stock is one of the most complete and varicd ever shown.

It includes pins, all kinds, second-hand pads, pencils, books, ribbons, gloves, rubbers, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., etc.

The sale is to be held one day only.
Come early and avoid the rush.

WANTS.

The Times Wants Pay.
[Inserted in each edition.]

WANTED.—To exchange or sell, a job lot of stale poems and jokes. Prices reasonable. Also to purchase all back copies of *Judge* or *Puck*, having jokes suitable for class use. Call on J. A. H-LLS.

WANTED.—Situation, by a competent and orderly person, as maid to put to rights school-girls' rooms. Call or address J.L.-AND-RS-N.

WANTED.—The undersigned desires all young men who are looking for places to call, to address or see her at her residence any Monday P.M.
H-L-N M-DSK-R.

WANTED.—To buy, a portable and spacious wardrobe, yet one taking up no room.

B-RR AND T-K-Y.

WANTED.—Height.
Miss H.-LY.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—A voice, rather high pitched and considerably used. The finder will be liberally rewarded and confer a great favor by leaving this, if found, at Room 70, Lasell.

LOST.—A dark-brown crinkly switch, which disappeared very mysteriously. Finder will please make haste in returning it, as it is needed. Address N-LL. D-V-S.

FOUND.—The undersigned is a constant finder of colds. All losers please call and prove ownership and pay charges.
Miss M-CM-RT-N.

ELECTION DAY AT LASELL.

NOVEMBER —, '92.



Long our sex has been kept in oppression ;
That accounts for the errors we made.
Though with blushes we make the confession,
Some voted for " Ben " and free trade.

Others, so eager to make their first vote,
Even under the rope dared crawl ;
But Mr. Rich, ever watchful invaders to note,
Made them wait, or not vote at all.

WILD excitement was rampant at quiet
Lasell
When election time came round,
And in all loyal hearts, I know full well,
Woke patriotism most profound.

Lasell, too, had its election day,
And polls were set up in the gym ;
Crowds thronged the portals for entrance-way,
And cheers were raised with vim.

'Twixt " Republicans " and " Demmies " deep
rivalry reigned,
And high the mimic war rose,
And deep was the hatred ever feigned
By eager and spirited foes.

" Those that laugh last, laugh the longest ! "
In scorn " Baby Ruth's " side said ;
" Though ' Baby McKee ' is the strongest,
Yet girls always come out ahead."

When the votes were counted and all was done,
" What was the result ? " do you say ?
Of course the *school* went for Harrison,
Though the nation went not that way.

Our candidate by the men was not elected,
But we comfort ourselves with this thought,
That when woman's rights are fully respected,
The government will be as it ought.

WHAT THE ALLERLEI WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

WHY Miss Couch is so fond of roses?

Whether Coleridge had measles or chicken-pox when he broke out in verse?

What was the trouble with the cups at the Senior table?

Why there are not more graduates — when the Seniors have such a snap?

Who will be Miss Seiberling's next mash?

When the new Music Hall and Chapel will appear?

Why a certain young lady has been dubbed "Porky"?

What kind of rouge Mr. Ryder uses?

Why Louise Hubbard smiles so on January 15?

When the long-promised elevator will be put in?

If "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It" are one and the same play?

How long since chrome-yellow has become a shade of pink?

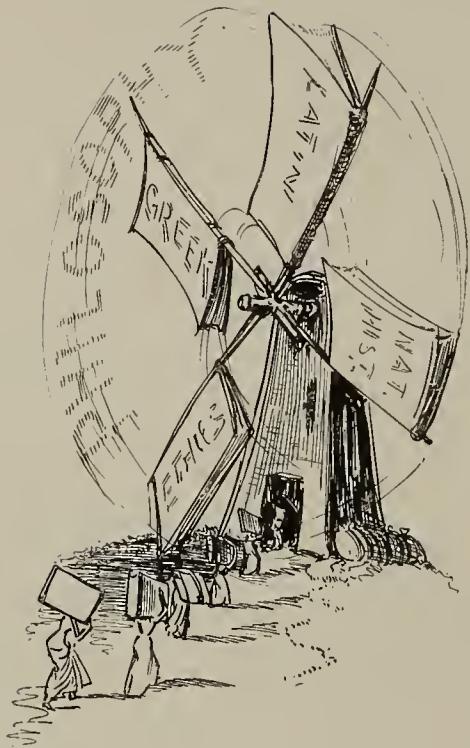
Who has the best stock of novels?

Who is Miss Homer?

What has become of Ava's little curl?

From what part of Shakespeare the following quotation is taken: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"?

If the Seniors in their appreciation of poetry do not include the poems of Keats?



FACULTY.

CHARLIE.—“Great men are not always wise.”

CAROLINE.—“Satire’s my weapon.”

DOCTOR.—“Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights.”

ECKIE.—“I’m a creature made for night, not day.”

LIL.—“Panting time toiled after her in vain.”

HERBIE.—“Happy day that fixed my choice.”

J. WALTER.—“Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soul!”

LILY.—“Order is heaven’s first law.”

MADEMOISELLE.—“Speak freely what you think.”

JOSEPH.—“Don’t put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.”

BIG FRAULEIN.—

LITTLE FRAULEIN.—

“Much may be said on both sides.”

WITHIE.—“As merry as the day is long.”

A. B.—“There is none like her, none.”

MRS. L.—“Nothing do I see in you

That I can find should merit any hate.”

WILLIS.—“The very pink of courtesy.”

HENRI ORNE.—“They praised (?) him soft and low.”

ISABELLA.—“I trust I have not wasted breath.”

MAC.—“A shadow flits before me,

Not thou, but like to thee.”

NUTTIE.—“There is something sublime in calm endurance.”

E. W-NSL-W.—“Too much of a good thing.”

A. CR-CK-R.—“All things cool with time.”

G. SN-D-R.—“Smooth runs the water

Where the brook is deep.”

F. F--RCH-LD. — “ My endeavours

Have ever come too short of my desires.”

W. C-NL-N. — “ At church, with meek and unaffected face,

Her looks adorn the venerable place.”

C. R--S-NG. — “ Which is the side I must go withal !

I am with both.”

M. B-RR. — “ I was ever of an opinion.”

E. FL-M-NG. — “ All the great are dying, and I’m not feeling very well.”

J. M-RPH-. — “ Think of me as you please.”

E. P-RTR-DG-. — “ My brain is drowned now — quite drowned.”

F. R-v. — “ All things — I thought I knew.”

M. M-LL-R. — “ Thou calm chaste scholar.”

E. CH-S-. — “ Too bright to live.”

H. F-TCH. — “ Thou art a scholar.”

N. W-STH--M-R. — “ Yet by your gracious patience I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver of
my whole course of love.”

A. —NDR--S-N — “ She is well paid that is well satisfied.”

L. ZSCH-TZSCH-. — “ Who loves not knowledge? ”

M. B-RN-RD. — “ I charge thee, fling away ambition ;

By that sin fell the angels.”

M. W-GG-N. — “ Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.”

M. H-NS-N. — “ Bashfulness is an ornament to youth and

Silence is the perfect herald of joy.”

A. C-SH-NG. — “ Think rather of work than of praise.”

M. ST-N-. — “ Thoughts and attitudes imperious.”

L. B-NN-TT. — “ She’ll grow up by and by.”

H. ST--L. — “When you look sadly, it is for want of money.”

M. K--S-L. — “I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world.”

L. R-CHM-ND. — “Of small anatomy and indefinite precocity.”

C. --DS. — “What find I here?”

L. T-CK-R. — “All conceit is not the same conceit.”

S. C-D-. — “I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience.”

C. M-NN-NG. — “I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

F. G-RDN-R. — “Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman.”

L. WH-TN-Y. — “I vex my heart with fancies dim.”

F. C-S-B-LT. — “I tell you hopeless grief is passionless.”

M. T-ML-NS-N. — “Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”

L. B-LL. — “She looks like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.”

M. H--LV. — “Whence came I what I am?”

A. McD-FF--. — “Therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron.”

E. R-y. — “I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.”

G. ST--RNS. — “The deed I intend is great,
But what, as yet I know not.”

B. L-LL-BR-DG-. — “I’m sure care’s an enemy to life.”

M. M-RG-N. — “Some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief.”

A. R-WL-GH. — “I care for nobody — no, not I.”

H. C--K-. — “People of a lively imagination are always curious.”

M. W-RR-N. — “For her, her teacher’s chair became a throne.”

B. P-NN-L. — “And shalt thou show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made?”

D. H-RTS-N.—“They always talk who never think.”

C. J-HNS-N.—“Her tea she sweetens as she sips with scandal.”

A. W-LST-N.—“’Tis not her hair, for sure in that
There’s nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.”

B. E-W-NG.—“Saying might you leave a world unsaid.”

H. FR-B--.—“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all [she thought] she knew.”

M. CR-KSH-NK.—“The poets’ darling.”

B. J-HNS-N.—“Thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.”

J. R-CH.—“Sighed and looked and sighed again,
Sighed and looked unutterable things.”

FR-NC-S H-LM-S.—“Talking, she knew not why, nor cared not why.”

G. G-SK-LL.—“And gentle dulness ever loves a joke.”

M. M-GS.—“There’s no art to find the mind’s construction in the face.”

G. J-HNS-N.—“Greatness knows itself.”

L. -PP-L.—“She would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.”

FL-R-NC- H-LM-S.—“One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.”

M. McD-N-LD.—“I have immortal longings in me.”

A. W-BB.—“She tells you flatly what her mind is.”

L. H-BB-RD.—“If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.”

E. C--CH.—“Alas, our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.”

A. N-BL.—“Small, but—oh, my!”

G. H-LM-S.—“Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking.”

E. P--L.—“Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.”

B. H-w-RD.—“Let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.”

B. B-TT-RF--LD.—“I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer.”

E. STEPHENSON.—“Figures that move, and almost speak.”

V. W-CK-FF.—“That same face of yours looks like the title page to a whole volume of roguery.”

M. G-G.—“But she was calm and sad, musing always

On loftiest enterprise.”

S. B-ND.—“I cannot hide what I am.”

G. L--D.—“I never did repent for doing good,

Nor shall not now.”

E. MC-CHR-N.—“For man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.”

N. D-v-S.—“I am nothing if not critical.”

C. S-w-N.—“They sin who tell us love can die.”

H. H-LD-N.—“Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.”

M. SM-TH.—“Perfect in grammar and in rhetoric nice.”

U. K-NG.—“Can it be

That this is all remains of thee?”

B. H--GH.—“My mind is like a fountain stirred,

And I myself see not the bottom of it.”

M. R-NN--.—“Modest she seems, not shy.”

A. M-LL-R.—“Her step was royal, queenlike.”

J. W-ST.—“She is not yet so old but she may learn.”

M. F-SS-ND-N.—“I will be the pattern of all patience: I will say nothing.”

F. J-—NN-S.—“Courage and comfort! All shall yet go well.”

M. CR-CK-R.—“My man’s as true as steel.”

N. R-CH-RDS.—“Ah! when I see that smile appear

My heart again is filled with cheer.”

J. H-GG.—“The worst fault you have is to be in love.”

W. B-ss.—“True, I chirp for lack of soul.”

E. WH-T.—“Conscience is harder than our enemies.”

A. CL-—V-L-ND.—“Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?”

J. F-TCH.—“I carry my unwritten poems on my face.”

H. L-w-s.—“Pride goes before a fall.”

M. M-—G-N.—“Thou mayest see a sunshine and a hail in me at once.”

M. V-N P-TT-N.—“Shut up

In measureless content.”

E. S-MNS.—“Thy tongue runs on as usual like a mill

When the river is its fullest.”

—MM— P-—L.—“People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.”

I. M-RR-W.—“As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.”

B. F-WL-R.—“Castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up.”

G. —LL-N.—“Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all.”

L. PR-CT-R.—“I stand in meek contrition here.”

H. N-BL-—“A *noble* dream, what was it else I saw?”

M. WARNER.—“Be modest, allay thy ecstasy, in measure ruin thy joy.”

M. —ST-N.—“Make no man your idol!”

M. C-s-. — “Our vanities differ as our noses do.”

E. Sc- -LL-R. — “I am willing, I am ready,”

 I would learn, if you would teach.”

B. W-LS-N. — “Thou foster child of Silence and slow Time.”

E. H-LL. — “And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love.”

E. L-BB-. — “All studies here I solemnly defy.”

J. -RN-LD. — “I found you hid from prying eyes,

 Quiet, and you blushed in sweet surprise.”

M. L-THR-P. — “Society is no comfort to one not sociable.”

J. J-HNS-N. — “Better late than never.”

J. H-YT. — “But for those affections,

 Those pleasant recollections,

 What should I be?”

A. H-NN-. — { “So we'll go no more a-roving

R. S-NK--. — { So late into the night.”

A. H--GHT-N. — “Her hands und feet vas schmall und need,

 Und venn dot maiden sings,

 Dem leedle birds dey glose deir eyes

 Und flob deir leedle vings.”

O. H-LM-S. — “I am not lean enough to be thought a good student!”

M. L-T-S. — “She is an earthly paragon.”

I. SH-RT. — “He who has a superlative for everything wants

 A measure for the great or small.”

M-LL-- T--L-R. — “There are no men to conquer in this wood;

 That makes my only woe.”

R. S-B-RL-NG. — "How happy I'd be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away."

M. D-. — "She's a good creature."

B. M-RR-M-N. — "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

F. D-w. — "What do you think of me?"

S. H--D-N. — "Loquacity itself thou art."

B. C-MST-CK. — "Take care not to burden your day with more than its share."

M. T-LL--S. — "When as a little child I stubbed my toe:

Alas, alas, for I have stubbed my heart!"

H. Sc-TT. — "So wise, so young, they say, do never live long."

J. -ND-RS-N. — "Your own way, your own say, then you are happy."

L. C-MST-CK. — "Her lips have said the last kind words her lips could ever say."

B. SH-PH-RD. — "A slave to the tyrant, fashion!"

L. T-k-. — "There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

H. M-DSK-R. — "Hush, don't disturb her, she's hunting for an idea."

G. S-TH-RL-ND. — "Never known to be in a hurry."

M-BL- T--L-R. — "I think it's so because I think it's so."

C. G-LM-N. — "With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye."

M. S--M-N. — "Weather, wind, and women's mind change like the wind."

G. D-v- s. — "The very commonest ideas that pass through her mind seem vested with a
wonderful *freshness*."

G. ROBB. — "Wisdom shall die with you."

J. CH-NDL-R. — "There is little of the melancholy element in her."

M. ST-W-RT.—“What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion!”

A. K-LL-GG.—“Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.”

B. R-P-R.—“My sentence is for open war.”

C. S-MPS-N.—“Aye, it is true, we do not die of love.”

B. SH-NN-N.—“Speak little and to the point, and you will pass for somebody.”

J. W-TS-N.—“Forbear, and eat no more.”



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SATURDAY DINNER.—“The accident of an accident.”

HOMESICK GIRL.—“How short our happy days appear!
How long the sorrowful!”

ALLERLEI.—“What is writ is writ;
Would it were worthier.”

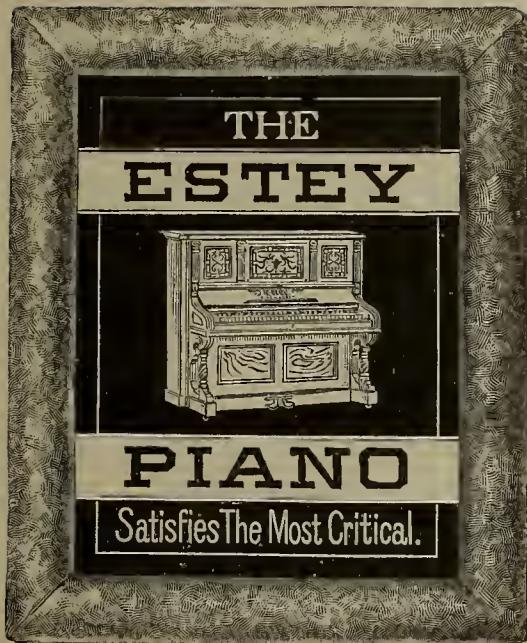


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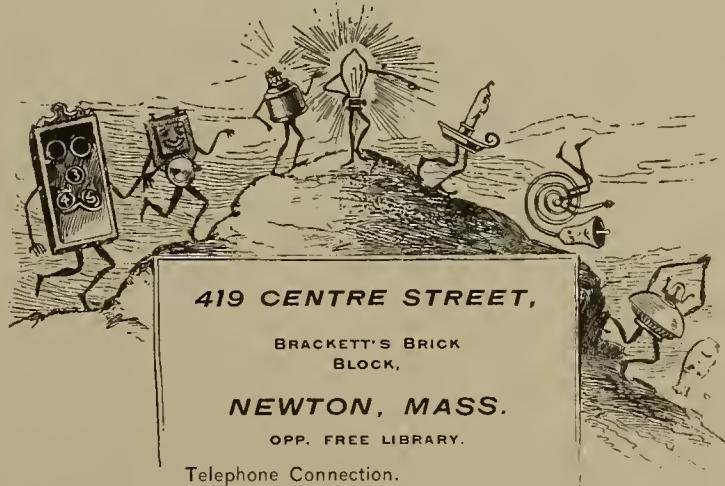
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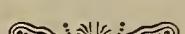
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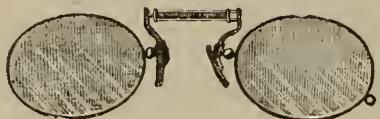
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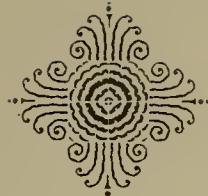
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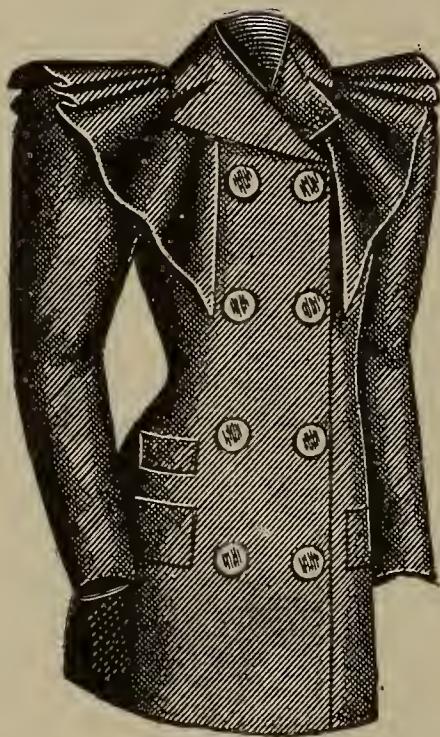
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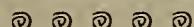


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